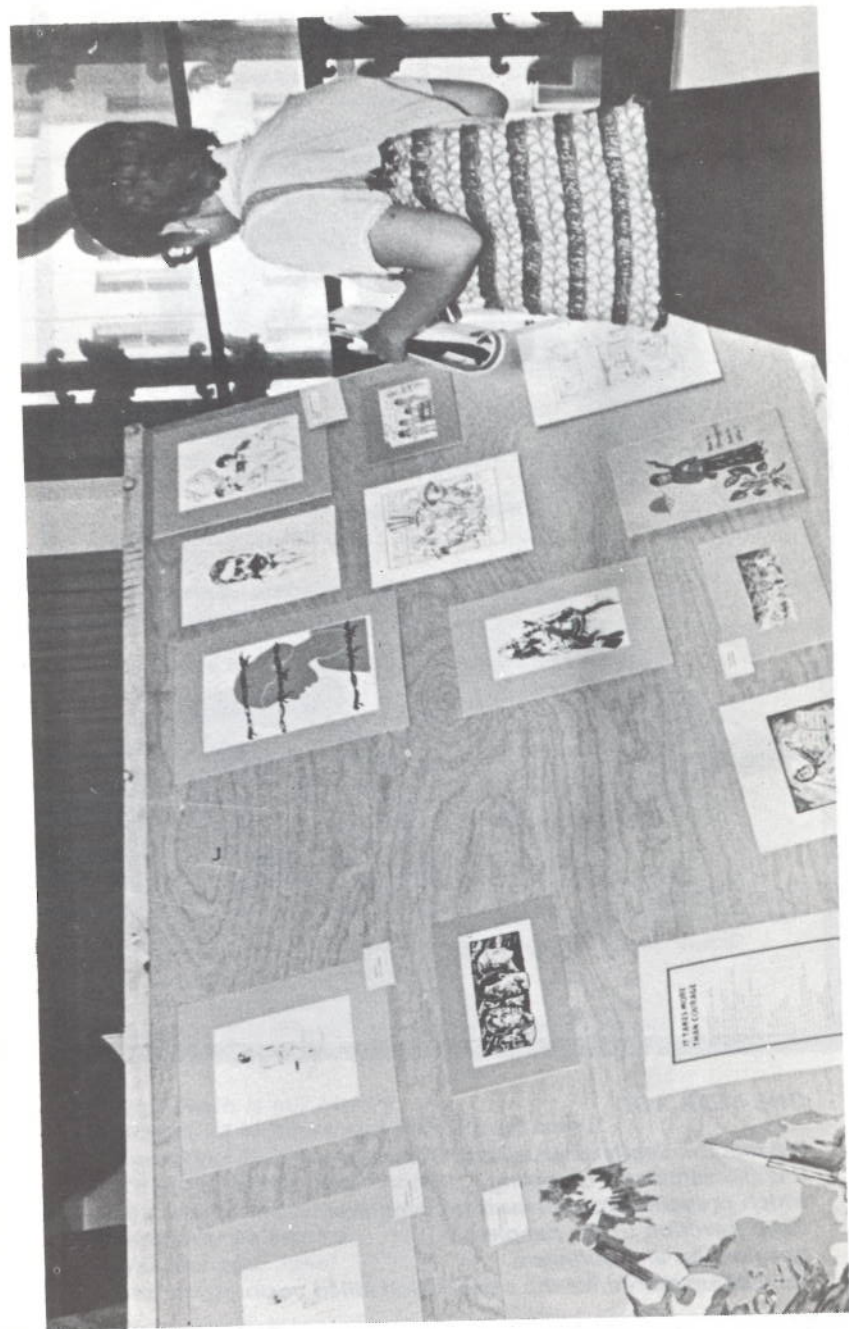
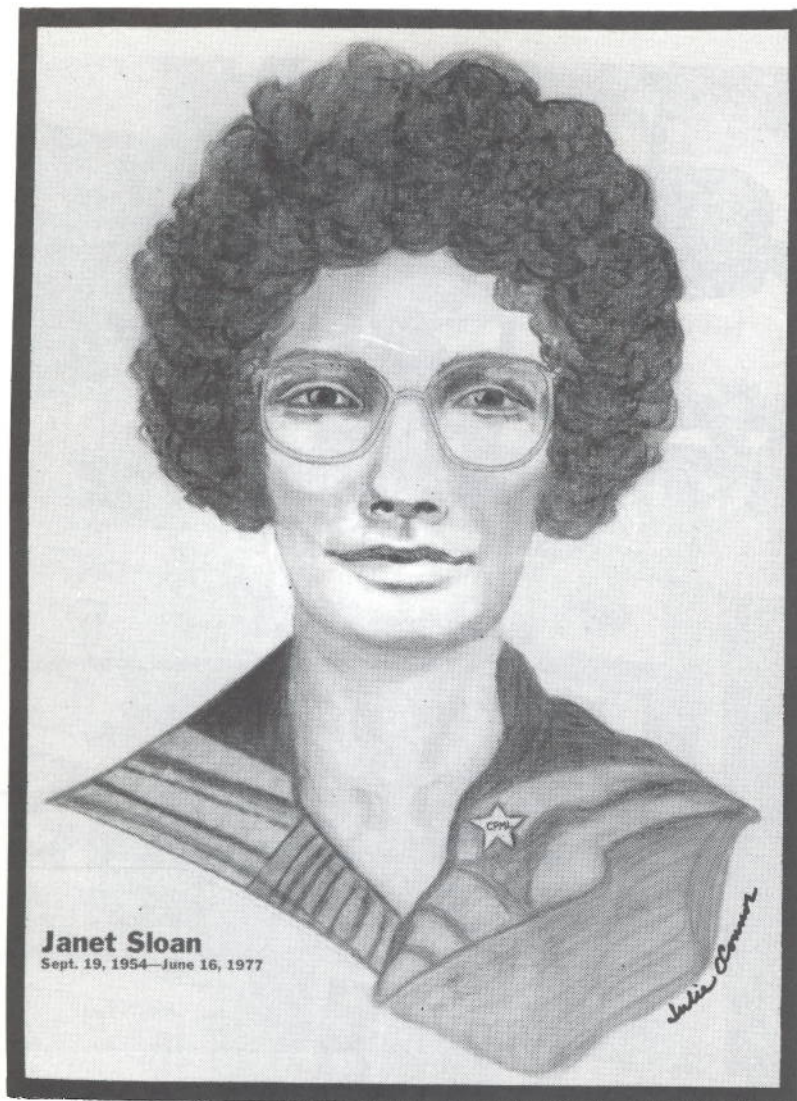


# Art Must Serve the People

A Portfolio of the Cultural Work  
for CPML People's Art Festival





**ONE YEAR AGO**

*We feel the depth of your loss, Comrade  
 It is the same sort of feeling  
 which propelled you forward to revolution:  
 Deep devotion to the people,  
 Imagination and optimism  
 Unyielding hatred for the class which killed you*

*It was one of those five degree below days—last winter  
 When an old timer at the yard  
 Stopped to speak to me:  
 "That was Sloan's newspaper, wasn't it?"  
 He bought a copy and lingered.  
 "Me and her talked one night by the heater  
 All about Africa  
 and what's going on over there—  
 She sure loved to talk—  
 but made a helluva lot of sense too—  
 They'll get theirs," he muttered  
 As he turned to go to work.*

*One year now  
 How can it seem like ages  
 and as vivid as yesterday  
 At once?*

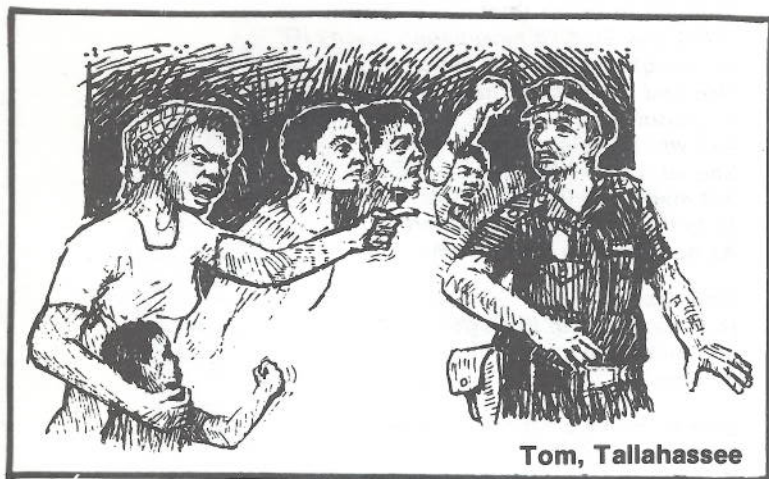
*Like those 51 brothers in St. Mary's  
 To the company  
 They were large pieces of equipment  
 Falling through the air  
 51 men  
 who became statistics  
 when they hit rock bottom.*

*Our blood boils in the face of those statistics  
 like you sister,  
 Each with a family and friends  
 Through grief—and they plagued us with so much of it—  
 The working class gains clearsightedness  
 And firm resolutions  
 Losing you was a curse  
 And we will lose more  
 And we will grow stronger*

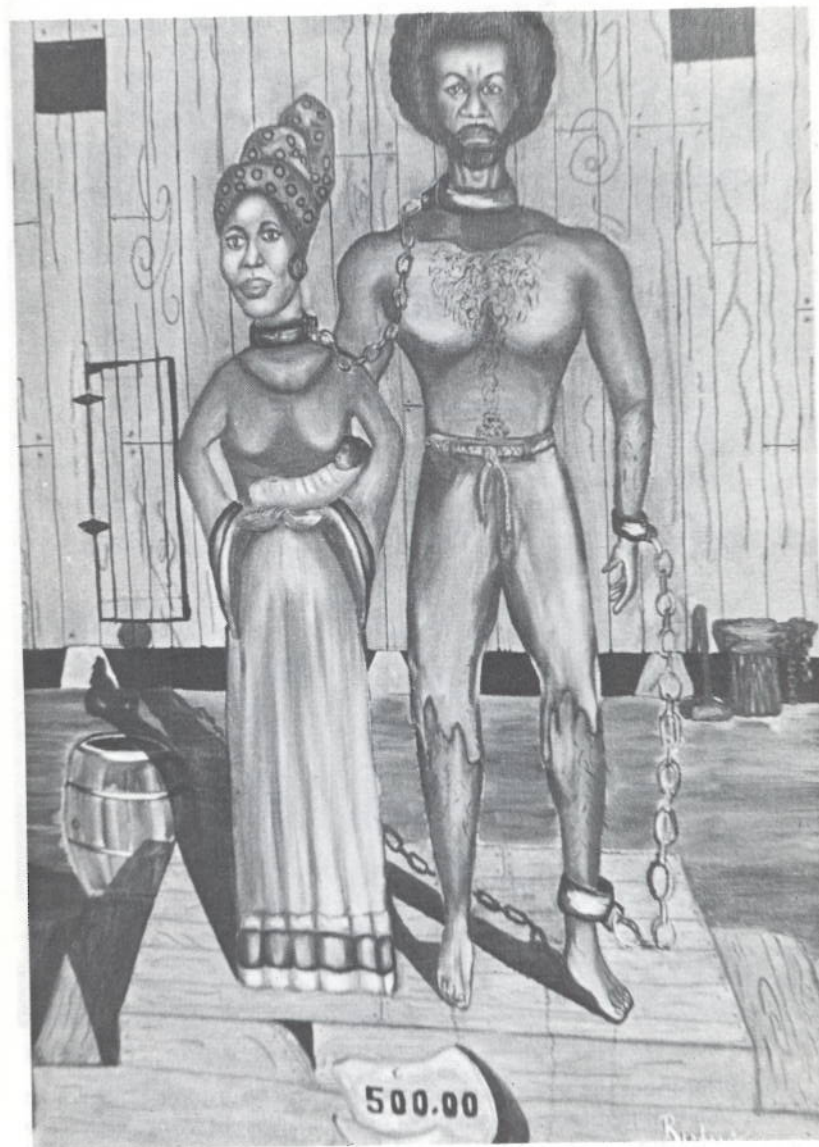
*One brother told me not so long ago:  
 On coming home, after an absence of some years,  
 He found all his old friends  
 Dead or strung out  
 Realizing this is what capitalism promises for our youth  
 Made him become a communist.*

*Your death is our history  
 Millions of brothers and sisters condemn it  
 A working class woman  
 We are proud to have known  
 and whose memory—and the power of that memory—  
 can never be erased.  
 We miss you, Janet  
 And we go on.*

*L.B., Philadelphia*



Tom, Tallahassee



Rufus (Zola Azania) Averhart, prisoner at Indiana State Prison,  
Michigan City



Jennifer, Baltimore

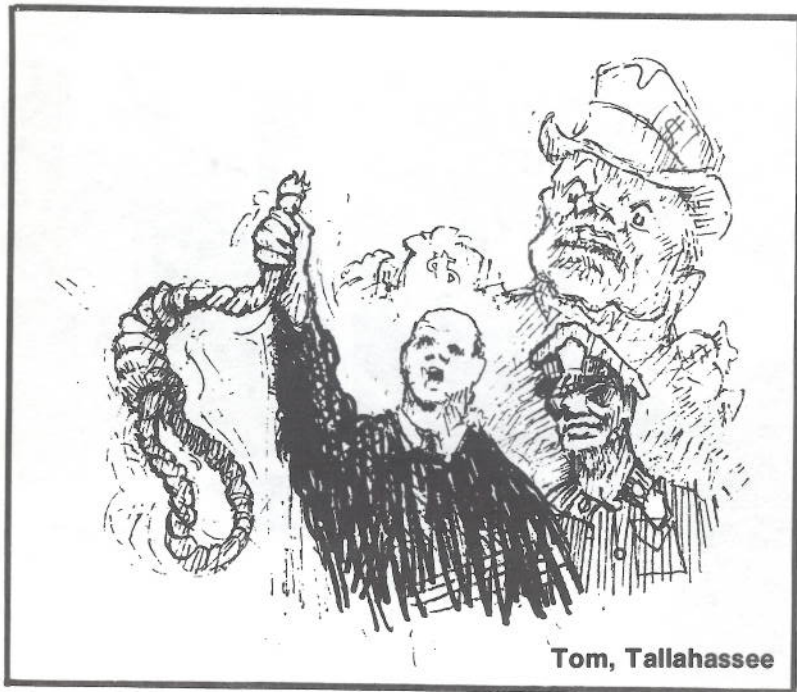
The differences between working class art and bourgeois art is who it serves! You can just look at a piece of art and tell right away. There are some artists who have served the people. But poor people couldn't afford to buy art. It's a lot like classical music. It's not that poor people didn't like it, but that it was inaccessible to them. .

... Contributing Artist

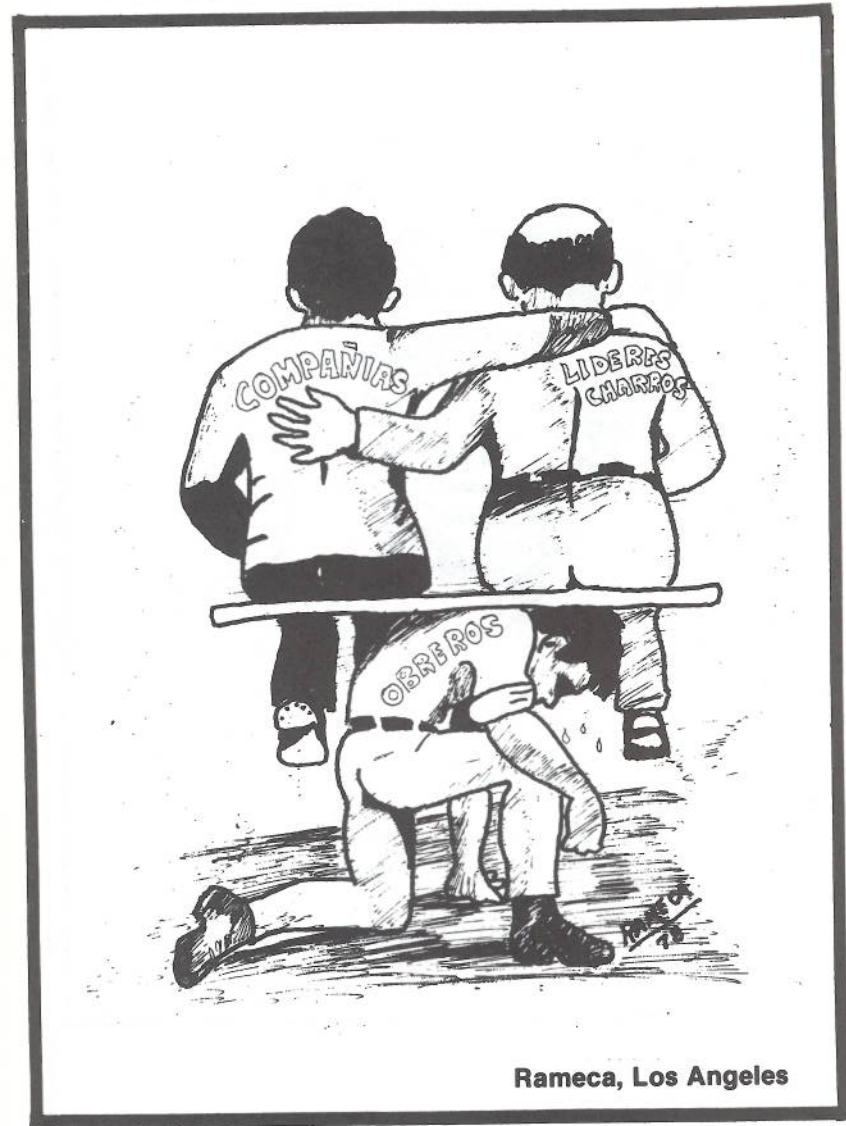




J.M., Washington, D.C.



Tom, Tallahassee



Rameca, Los Angeles



*Harriet Tubman*  
Gretchen, Baltimore



Zapata by Phoebe, Indiana

Different portraits portray different things. I try to bring out the good qualities that are there in a person's face. Zapata impressed me with his militancy and anger at the oppression of his people and that's what I was trying to bring out.

Some people say I made Harriet Tubman look too beautiful, that she really was very worn and tired looking. I got the picture that I finally drew her from after researching in many libraries. Actually it's very close to the picture. Here again the resistance to oppression was my main idea.

Gretchen

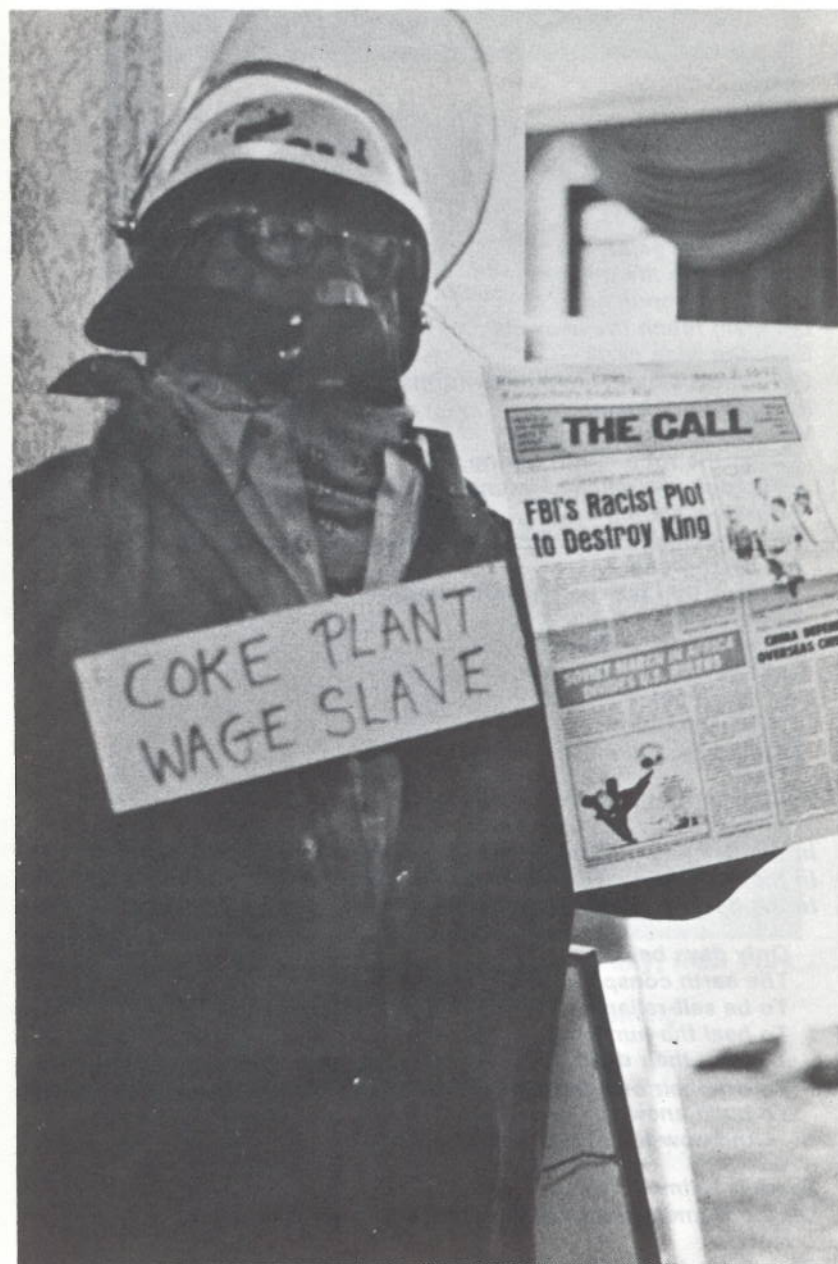


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One thing about the socialist art of China is that it sees people's work as being important. There it is a source of beauty. I myself have started to take a sketch pad to work. I've drawn many of my fellow workers on their jobs. This is the type of thing that you would never find in an art school.

... Contributing Artist

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Gretel, Indiana

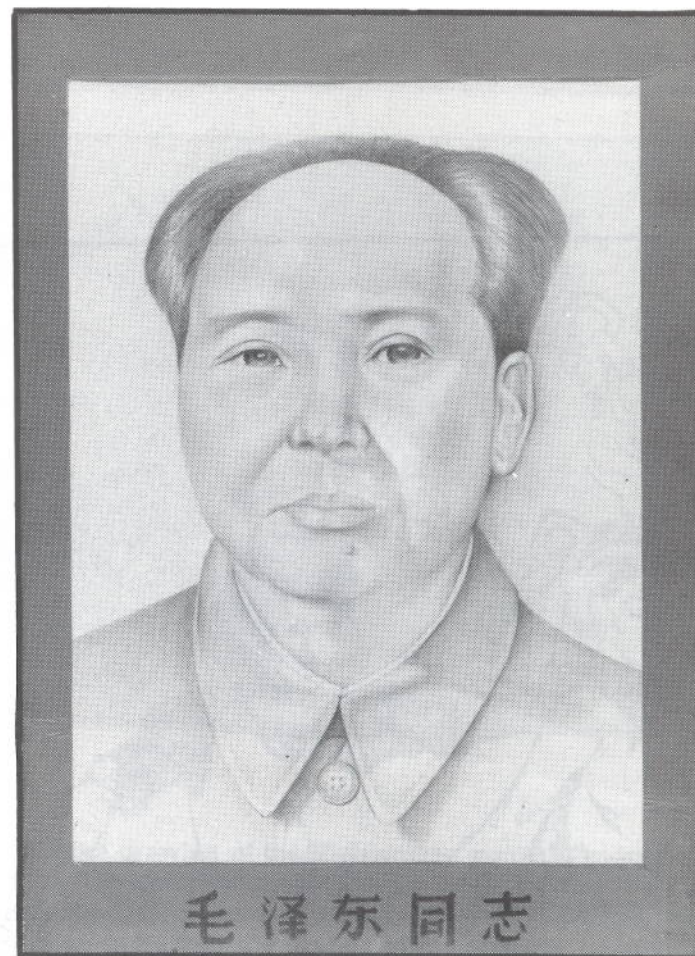
## Mao

*You, mighty giant  
Gathered up the millions  
Onto your shoulders—  
Let them touch the heavens,  
Scan the wide earth—  
Gave them clay to shape new forms,  
Paint to color them,  
Voice to speak new pride.  
After the rot and despairing,  
The opium-drenched infants floating,  
Bloated, staring . . .  
From Yenan, Hupel, Chengtu, Changsha, Hangchow,  
Kwangtung—  
Names that tax the Western tongue—  
Rise song,  
Rise painter and poet.  
The dumb can speak,  
The meek  
Thrash out!  
And the old men move mountains!*

*Let the carrion press speculate with busy beaks!  
Your successor has long been there—  
In the rice paddies, on the warm Kangs,  
In the work brigades,  
In the healing hands of the barefoot doctors . . .*

*Only days before you left,  
The earth conspired to test your legacy:  
To be self-reliant,  
To heal the hurt ones,  
To bury their dead,  
To dry their own tears,  
To build anew . . .  
And now their tears are for you.*

*There is a time to weep—  
Let the women weep, for you unbound more than their  
feet,  
Gave them their half of the sky.*



Pedro Yanes, Auburn Correctional Facility, New York

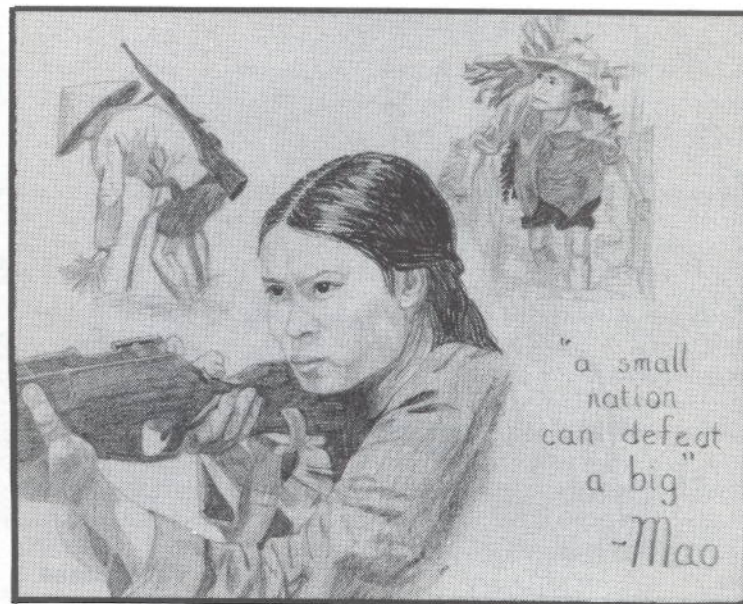
*Let the youth weep, for they grow tall and strong  
as the new trees.  
Let even the children weep.  
For you gave them dance and laughter.  
And let the old ones weep, the respected,  
For they remember the bitterness and the gall . . .  
And when the weeping stops,  
It will be time for planting,  
In the Fall . . .*

Ruth Selman



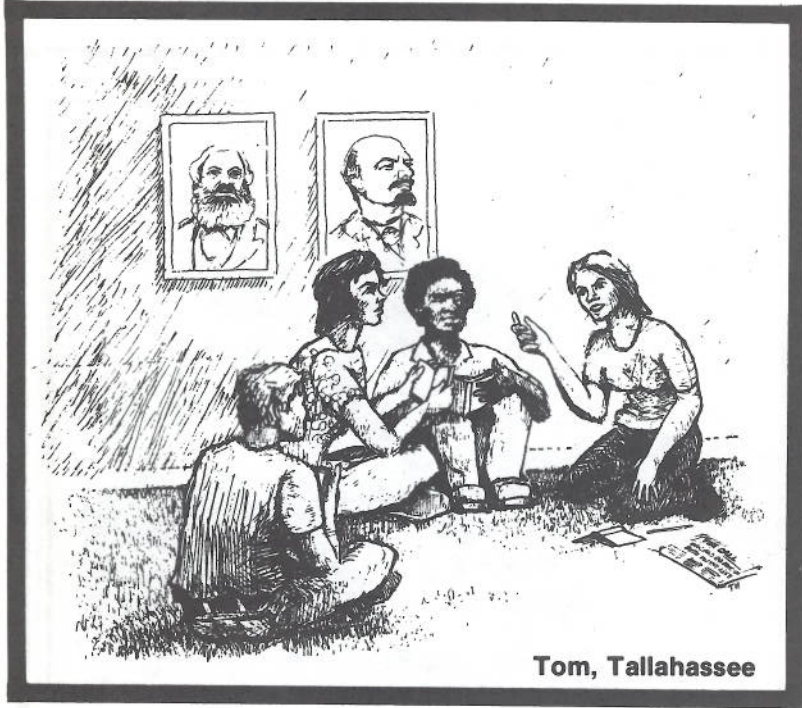


Gretchen, Baltimore

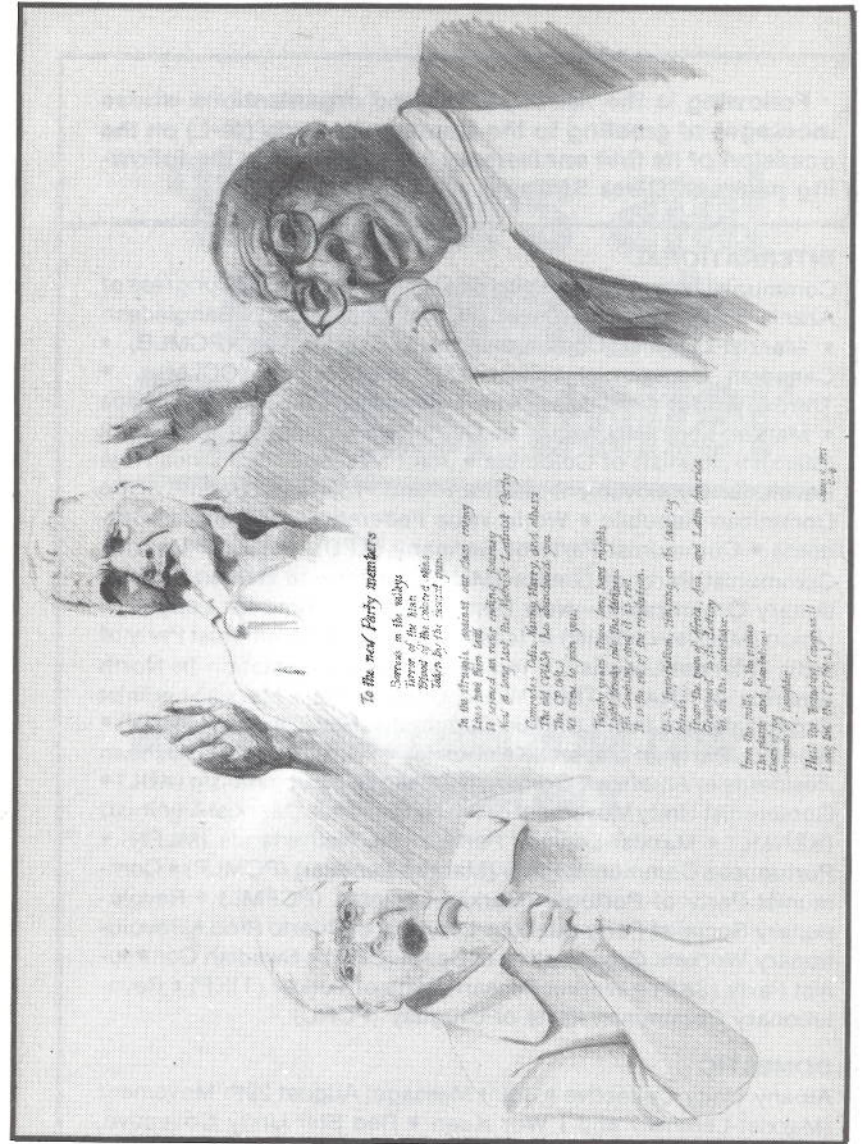


In the drawing of the Vietnamese woman, I'm trying to show the determination of the people. During the Vietnamese war, people, especially the young people, were finding out about the system of imperialism. I wanted to show a young woman standing up with gun in hand to defeat it. The system is not too strong. We can win, we have justice on our side.

Lois, Houston



Tom, Tallahassee



*To the new Party members*

*Servant in the soldier's  
 Honor of the kin  
 Blood of the nation, who  
 Suffer by the social pain.*

*In the struggle, against our class enemy  
 Less has been said  
 It served an ever ending journey  
 Now at long last, the Socialist-Labor Party  
 Comes to this. Kings, Harry, and others  
 The CP USA, for abolition you  
 We come to you.*

*Twenty years since we have been might  
 Left books and the millions  
 For America and it is you  
 It is the end of the revolution.*

*U.S. Imperialism, bringing on the end of  
 Korea...*

*From the pen of Africa, Asia, and Latin America  
 Communist in the history  
 We are the revolution.*

*From the reality to the prison  
 The party and the nation  
 Come to you.*

*Meet the Socialist Communist  
 Long live the CP USA.*

Pat, San Francisco